Ultraviolet

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Ultraviolet

by Anonymous

Summary

Sonar is stuck watching the new recruit.

Notes

I wrote this in a rush right before chapters 3+4 came out so don't mind if anything ages badly lol

Also can we call their ship name Ultraviolet I think that'd be cool

The SDN were out on the streets, fighting crime and giving to community, all except one.

Considering his… other form, Sonar couldn't go on missions that gave him too much mental stress; they didn't want to risk him going out of control. Which meant he had the whole break-room to himself this afternoon.

He was different than all the criminals here. His crimes weren't flashy stunts on the streets, they were done in the comfort of an office not unlike this one. Before his slip-up, he had more cash than any of them could dream of.

He'd be lying if he said he didn't miss his old life. Snorting pure coke instead of the cheap shit on the streets, getting access to all the money and hookers in the world.

It was amazing.

But then he got too comfortable, made a mistake that eventually ended up with him at the bottom. Now he had to start his life all over again, this time without the help of the numerous shady methods he learned.

He had mixed feelings at first about joining the SDN, it was either that or 20+ years in prison. But like all things in his life, he got used to it and learned to adapt.

It felt… calming in a way knowing there was a group he could actually depend on, people who weren't looking to back-stab him to gain a potential upper hand.

Sonar opened in the refrigerator, pushing past multiple questionable meals to get to his lunch. He had to cover the interior Tupperware in napkins because Prism complained about it being too gross to look at.

It's funny how looking at rats was where she drew the line.

For a moment, Sonar paused. His left ear twitched to pick up a noise he just heard. He held his breath as he tried to listen in.

There was no movement.

He picked up the Tupperware box and closed the fridge. It was probably just a rat in the vents or something, he'll ask Chase later if he could catch it.

But was that door always open?

As if on command, a figure snuck into the break-room. The soft whirring of the coffee grinder provided just enough vibration for Sonar to see the general shape of the person as they walked on their tiptoes.

He couldn't understand why he couldn't see anything else, however. It was as if he was looking through a wall.

He tilted his head. "Why are you walking around like that?"

The figure screamed and choked on their breath, kneeling over into a coughing fit. It was clear they didn't expect him to speak.

Sonar could now see that the figure was a young woman in purple clothing, clearly not one of the dispatchers.

The woman took a swig out of an inhaler out of her pocket. After what seemed like forever, she regained herself and faced Sonar with shock. "You can— *cough* see me?" Her voice was still strained.

Sonar looked at her like she had two heads. "… yeah?"

"You're not supposed to do that."

He didn't know what to say. "I'm… sorry?"

She walked towards him. Though she was shorter, she carried herself with an aura of confidence. Sonar couldn't help but admire that a little.

"Just who are you exactly?"

"Invisabitch."

Classy name, self explanatory as well.

"My name's Sonar," He went over to the counter to pour himself a cup of coffee. "I'm guessing you're a new hire?"

She looked down, putting her hands in her pockets. "Not sure." She sighed, kicking her feet. "I'm having second thoughts about this, to be honest."

She continued. "Everyone here is just so… good. I feel like I won't belong here."

That's when Sonar put the pieces together. "So you're skipping orientation?"

She nodded.

Frankly, this didn't involve him whatsoever— it was technically Blonde Blazer's job to convince her. But he knew that corporate would eventually drag him into it anyways, something about 'teamwork' or whatever.

He opened his container of leftovers. "I mean, it's either this or prison. I can't tell you what to do, but I suggest you stick around a little longer."

Sonar pulled out a fat rat from his Tupperware box, holding it by it's tail before dropping it into his open maw. He expected her to be freaked out, but she just looked up at him in amusement.

"You're right, I'm probably not the freakiest out here. I mean, you look like you're headed to some furry convention or something." She chuckled.

Sonar slurped up the rest of of his lunch, clearly not amused. "Ha ha. Very funny."

"Relax guy, I'm just making a joke." She playfully punched him in the shoulder "You might wanna get used to them."

"Good to know." He couldn't tell if he's regretting this already. "By the way, she's coming."

Invisabitch quickly held her breath, right before the Blonde Blazer peeked her head into the break-room.

"Could I talk to you for a second, Sonar?" Blazer motioned her head towards her office.

"Right after I'm done with you Invisigal." She gasped at the mention of her name, revealing herself.

Blazer took a deep breath in, fidgeting with her hands on the desk in front of her.

"I've seen you've met the new recruit."

Sonar nodded, leaning back in his chair.

"Sure is something."

Blazer chuckled awkwardly. "We were supposed to finish our orientation, but she ended the meeting on her own terms apparently." She seemed embarrassed about not predicting this. "Thankfully, you were there to catch her in time."

"No problem." Sonar wondered where she was going with this.

"Listen, you're the only one here that can see Invisibi— *girl* all the time. we need you to keep an eye on her."

Sonar didn't seem happy about that idea, though he tried to hide it.

Blazer saw right through his mask. "Listen, Sonar, you remember when you first came here. You were freaking out about everything and went out of control."

He fumbled with his tie, surprised that she still remembered that.

"But then, Malevola was there to calm you down. She helped anchor you into the program. You can help be that same anchor for Invisigal."

Sonar put on his corporate face, clearing his throat.

He shook his head. "With all due respect, I don't think I'll be able to do that. I'm already being asked a lot having to run around the city all day, I can't be expected to babysit a grown adult

on top of that."

Blazer sighed, as if she expected this. "I know I'm asking a lot of you, but think of it as a part of your exoneration process. We'll put you up higher on the employee list for your help."

Sonar did like promotions.

He obliged. "Deal."

The next morning started Invisigal's first mission. It was technically a one-person job, but Blazer insisted that Sonar supervised her.

So they sat in the back of an SDN issued car together, being driven by a fellow employee. They could've walked on foot, most of team does, but Sonar preferred this method; it was much quieter.

Well, most of the time it was.

An annoying clicking sound was accompanying his left, increasingly testing his patience.

Invisigal hadn't spent more than two seconds staying still at a time, ignoring her seatbelt to constantly move around.
How she had this much energy this early in the morning Sonar will never understand.

It sounded like Invisigal fixated her attention onto with the car window. There was an incident a few months ago that caused it to make a weird clicking sound every time the button was lowered.
Sonar clenched his jaw as the sound of repeated whirring and clicking irritated his sensitive ears.

Thankfully, she eventually grew bored before he could tell her to stop.

She quickly turned to face Sonar, looking to him to quench her boredom. "So… why'd you come here?"

Sonar didn't look up from his phone. "Finance stuff, doubt you'd care."

Her face falls, dissapointed. "You're right, sounds boring."

He liked her honesty, at the very least. "How about you?"

"Crime ring stuff, came here for my own reasons."

Sonar looked up in shock, tearing away his attention from the screen. "You gave everything up *willingly?*"

Invisigal shrugged, brushing off his surprise. "Like I said, I have my reasons."

She quickly changed the subject. "You got any cool battle stories from this job so far?"

"A few. But you're better off asking Malevola about that stuff." Seeing Invisigal's disappointed expression, Sonar adds on.

"I got some nasty scars from my other form though."

She leaned in excitedly, giving a smirk that made him shuffle in his seat. "That's hot. You gotta let me see those sometime."

This was practically the only time Sonar was happy about being half bat. His fur covered the bright blush that quickly spread along his face.

But it wasn't like he was some bumbling virgin or anything, far from it. But the idea that someone would be attracted to him without being paid to was inconceivable, especially someone like her. The ones that *did* like him for his looks however were… definitely interesting people.
But Invisigal wasn't like that at all, even if she was a little forward.

He could even call her pretty, almost.

Thankfully, by some perfect timing, the car stopped; they had arrived at their destination.

Sonar even didn't notice how hot the interior became until he was hit with the cool breeze of the morning air as he opened the car door.

They were at the local park. Their mission was simple enough, help some kid get their cat out of the tree.
There was one problem however,

Sonar hated kids.

Or more accurately, kids hated him. He lost track of the number of times he caused a random baby to cry just from smiling the wrong way.

It was a silently agreed upon thing that he wouldn't deal with anything child related. He had no idea what that dispatcher was thinking tasking a hybrid and an asthmatic to this job.

Sonar stayed by the sidelines, watching Invisigal as she made her way towards the tree a group of kids gathered around."I'll keep watch." He yelled out to her.

A few minutes pass, and Sonar ends up on his phone, scrolling through his stock portfolio and thinking about his next course of action. Sonar liked stocks, it was pretty much the only socially acceptable form of gambling. The highs he got when he saw the colored lines go up helped push his bat form down further. He put his phone back in his pocket when he hears Invisigal walk towards him.

"You done?"

Invisigal was visibly panting, she took another hit of her inhaler before catching her breath.

"Can't do it." She sighed, "s'too high up."

This was exactly what he expected, that dispatcher didn't even have the common sense to use Coupé. "I'm sure they'll get it back somehow, the fire department should've been their first call honestly."

He opens the car door, just about to enter when Invisigal puts a hand on his shoulder.

"We're not done yet."

He raises an eyebrow, not knowing where this was going.

"Cmon, use your bat form!" She smiles.

He forgot she was still new to all of this. "I can't really… do it on command." He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, grabbing a fistful of fur.

She looked ready to admit defeat for a second, but then her eyes lit up as an idea came across her face.

"Lift me up then, I'll sit on your shoulders."

"But the kid—"

"Who gives a shit about what the kid thinks, we're getting that cat from that tree." She points in the direction of the tree, where the child in question was still observing them.

He seemed hesitant at first, but eventually agreed.

"Just don't mess up my suit." He sighed.

Though it took longer than expected, the mission was eventually a success. To the surprise of Sonar, the kids weren't that scared of him, maybe it was the presence of Invisigal that helped soothe them.

Invisigal skipped back into the car, giddy as she kept talking about the cat's face.

"So…" She waited for Sonar to close the car door, gently positioning his seatbelt as to not ruin his suit. "You mind telling me about that bat form?"

Sonar paused. He forgot that yet again Invisigal was all new to this, meaning he had to explain his backstory to her.

He put his hand through his fur, scratching the back of his ear. "It's a transformation thing, it comes out at random times."

She tilts her head in intrigue, "Completely random?"

"Well, not *exactly* random. We figured out that it's more likely to happen when I feel strong negative emotions. So I basically have to keep cool all the time, or else I lose my shit."

"Dude, why *wouldn't* you want to be a sick-ass giant bat all the time?" She didn't quite understand the ramifications of this yet.

He sighed. "The *problem* is that I can't control it. I end up hurting myself and other people because I don't think straight." Sonar didn't mean to snap at her at that moment, he really didn't.

"Oh." The silence in the car was deafening. "I'm sorry."
Sonar was about to apologize for getting upset at an innocent question, but then Invisigal continued speaking.
"I know how you feel, not knowing whether you'll mess up again or not. It's… hard." She looked up quickly, realizing how that sounded. "Except my situation isn't that bad, obviously —"

Sonar fought back a chuckle. "You're good."

Invisigal looked out the black tinted window, watching as the city passed them by.

"Is there anything you like to do? Like, to cope with it all?"

Sonar hadn't given it much thought. "Well, most of the things that I did back then were *super* illegal." He didn't like that answer, so he took a moment to think about it further.

"I talk to my coworkers, people I trust. They help calm me down when I freak out. It's hard, but you get used to it. Eating Twinkies usually helps too."

Invisigal smirked. "Oh, you like your twinks with white cream inside of them?"

Twinks.

He'd hate to admit it, but that genuinely got a chuckle out of him.

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6 months had passed. Invisigal eventually found her own identity inside the office, she was tasked with Sonar less and less until they went their own separate ways.

Today was the start of a new dispatcher, Robert Robertson. Rumor has it that he used to be Mechaman before retiring.

His first day went well enough. He even let Sonar meet his idol.
Though apparently there was an incident with Invisigal which left them both tense.

Robert was too busy to see the grin on Sonar's face when he jumped at his screams.
Although he did have sonar vision, the truth was that he could see perfectly fine without it. It was sort of an inside joke he would pull on the new rookies who didn't know any better.

Invisigal walked into the break room, starting a conversation with Robert. This made Sonar uneasy.

Sonar wasn't new to arguments, he studied law. But something in Invisigal unsettled him. She was unpredictable, unlike the high class snobby suits he was used to.

Though they were both friendly, he knew that could change any second.

Having giant ears unfortunately meant that Sonar could hear *everything,* despite his best efforts to tune it out. He pressed the coffee grinder, he could at least use something to help.

As expected, Visi and Robert's conversation turned into a screaming match.
The magazine on the counter suddenly looked like the most interesting thing in the world. Sonar picked it up, hiding his face in the pages.

The sound was muffled enough, but then he heard something that made him flinch.

"—you selfish fucking asshole!" Robert yelled, slamming his hands on the table.

And there it was.

Sonar braced for impact, knowing what was about to happen.

As if on cue, Invisigrl decked Robert across the face, sending him landing on the floor by Sonar's feet. He listened as she stormed out of the break-room, the sound of angry keyboard slams following a few minutes later.

He looked down at Robert with some pity. He'd stick with him a little longer, but he knew he had to catch up with Invisigal before she did something reckless… again. Guess Golem was right, Robert probably was going to quit today after this.

But first—

"You gonna eat those Twinks?" He asked.

Sonar knew he was practically walking towards a ticking time-bomb, but he didn't seem to mind as much. Maybe his time at SDN helped him get accustomed to danger.

He stepped out of the building, walking around the perimeter. He knew she couldn't be far.

As expected, Invisigal was at the side of the building. She was sitting hunched over by the wall.

It was as if she heard him walk past, because she suddenly held her breath, attempting to hide herself.

Sonar stood directly in front of her. "You know I can still see you, Visi."

She let go of her breath. "Fuck off." She hid her face as her heavy breaths turned into gentle sobs.

Sonar took a seat next to her, not caring if the dirt stained his suit.

Invisigal looked over, about to cuss him out. When she suddenly spotted the Twinkies in his hands. "Are those—?"

He extended one over. "He let me have them."

Sonar didn't flinch as she snatched the squished twinkie from him, tearing open the packaging with her teeth.

After a moment of comfortable silence, Invisigal finally calmed herself enough to speak.

"I don't know what's wrong with me." She groaned, body shaking in frustration. "Just when I think I have it figured out I just suddenly— fuck everything up!" She slammed her fist back up against the wall, creating a dust cloud from the impact.

Sonar opened his wrinkled wrapper gently, careful not to get any of the spilled frosting on his suit.

"It's not your fault Visi." He took a bite, staring off into the distance. "You're more dedicated to changing than anyone else here. He just doesn't understand that he's not Mechaman anymore."

Invisigal gave a small smile, that seemed to make her feel a little better. "I don't know what I'm gonna tell Blondie after this though, how I'm gonna face *him*."

"I explain it to her. The good news is that you probably won't see that guy again after this, it's *definitely* his last day."

"I guess Golem was right then." She gave a tired smirk. "Now I owe him 20 bucks."

"We both do."

They both laugh. A moment of silence fills the air soon after. That's when an idea comes across Sonar's mind.

"You banned from any theaters?"

"Not yet, why?"

"I was planning on heading to one after this. Wanna come?"

That was a lie, Sonar hated movie theaters; Especially with how he was cursed to be able to see what horny couples do in the dark when they think no one's looking.

But his attention to detail meant that he noticed how much Invisigal was raving about an upcoming movie, filling the comms with her excitement these past few days.

His eyes widened as she leaped up to him, thinking he was about to brace a punch from her. But he flushed as he realized that she was hugging him.

"Thanks dude." Invisigal mumbled, head nesting in the comfort of his furry neck.

Touch.

She was *touching* him.

Sonar wasn't accustomed to anything besides firm handshakes, but he awkwardly put his hand on her back, mimicking normal human interaction.

"Uhh… No problem." God, was he terrible at emotional support; But he seemed to say the right thing.

Invisigal quickly kicked herself up, crumbling the wrapper and shoving it in her pocket.

"C'mon, let's dip this place." She smiled down at him starting to walk towards the exit.

Sonar quickly followed, doing his best to match her quicker pace.

He was absolutely positive that she stained the back of his suit with twinkie frosting. But he couldn't find himself to care as much as he usually would.

He'll worry about it tomorrow, tonight he was with Visi.

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